

The Evening World.

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"THE GUILTY MADNESS."

"THE blood of man," declared Burke, "should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

When history comes to look for the causes of the appalling crisis which darkens Europe, what will it find? The pretended cause an offshoot of the Balkan problem, which has been settling itself these forty years. The real causes: Senile Hapsburg arrogance generations old; the inveterate belligerence of a Kaiser whose throne rests upon military power and privilege; and the fatalistic war spirit of a great despotism where men are born to be sacrificed.

Peace, progress, enlightenment—these things are then mere words when the old berserker wakes up in Europe. Arbitration, Hague tribunals are only amusements of sunny afternoons. Even diplomacy is a dead letter.

The plain truth is that three great nations of Europe seem determined to furnish the most terrible and crushing indictment of twentieth century civilization.

Wherefore nobody can discern, save that
"The love of the sword rages
And the guilty madness of war."

THE CITY'S NEW INTEREST.

BROWNSVILLE is to have the prize playground of the whole country. A ten-acre plot in two parts, to include stadium, outdoor gymnasium, gardens, wading pool, sand piles, recreation houses for children and mothers and public baths, will provide this part of Brooklyn with the best equipped play centre that thought and money can produce. Plans have been accepted and contracts will be let within a month.

It is wholly fitting that this district, which is one of the most densely populated in Greater New York, should have the first and best of these plants for the encouragement of healthy, happy children.

In other directions the playground campaign which The Evening World has conducted since early spring shows ever-increasing strength and popularity.

In many sections of the city playgrounds on the scale of the Brownsville plan are impossible. In a letter to Borough President Marks, C. B. J. Snyder, Superintendent of School Buildings, urges (1) that schoolhouse roofs be utilized for playgrounds and (2) that schools be equipped with swimming pools.

The Evening World first pointed out how readily and cheaply a bathing pool might be installed in the open court which is a feature of the newer type of schoolhouse. Mr. Snyder presents plans for utilizing in a similar way the cellar beneath the assembly room wing of the fifty-one classroom type of building.

In a letter to The Evening World, Superintendent of Schools Maxwell calls attention to the fact that "this summer thirty-four schoolhouses are used for vacation schools and one hundred and seventy-four for playgrounds." Keep on with the good work until every schoolhouse in the city is made to contribute its full capacity toward providing safety, recreation and sanitary bathing for children during vacation time.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

GREAT advantage to the United States in a European war is foreseen by the editor of the London Statist, Sir George Paish.

America can sell her crops to Europe at prices bringing much greater profit than could have been realized had there been no war and Americans "can buy back from Europe great quantities of securities at attractive prices in payment for foodstuffs, raw material and even manufactured goods exported from the United States."

A great war in Europe would give the United States an opportunity of assuming the position of world banker by supplying capital freely to countries and individuals in all parts of the world who need it and can provide the required security. Should the American people take advantage of the golden opportunity thus afforded, then the outbreak of war in Europe will mean not diminished but increased prosperity for the people of the United States.

Rather a roseate view, perhaps. Sooner or later any great destruction of capital and credit in Europe is bound to be felt in various ways here. The theory that one nation can fatten on the misfortunes of others belongs to economies of a bygone period. The civilized world to-day is too closely knit together.

Nevertheless it is true that the United States has everything to gain by confidence, calm and an optimistic holding to ideals of peace and progress. If Europe runs amuck this country becomes the financial and economic mentor of the world.

Letters From the People

Car Seats Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Taking once more in consideration the deplorable fact that we must use quite frequently members of the feminine sex hanging on to the straps in the various cars and fighting against jolting and swinging of the cars for half an hour or longer, after perhaps having on their feet all day (and while some sitting most comfortably, seeming quite victorious over their heroism to have captured a seat), I would like to say that good many men—I mean those that have seen their offer of a seat coolly rejected—feel themselves fully in the right to keep their seats. I think it is most discouraging and insulting to men to be treated in such undervaluation. Any man offering his seat to a lady certainly has not done so to see his politeness rewarded and his seat perhaps taken by another man. For that reason it is not only the particular lady's conduct in this case but also the conduct of the other but so many of many three women

women who might be able in future to get a seat as the result of appreciation. If a man's offer for a seat were not refused, men would possibly make it as a rule in future to stand in the cars as long as women are present, and seats scarce.

Englewood, N. J.

W. P. O.

Dirty Soda Fountains.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would be glad if you would print this letter as a protest against the uncleanness at present prevailing at many of the soda fountains in New York City. Of course, some of the better places send their glasses and spoons downstairs to be washed, but often the "washing" consists in immersing the glass and the spoon in a tank of very dirty water, and the glass is immediately used again for the next customer. Considering the vast amount of cooling drinks consumed in this city during the hot weather, this is not worth while looking into, readers?

A. B. C.

No Place to Light

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

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Mr. Jarr Is In for a Jolly Evening.
The Thought of It Makes Him Blue

Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LXII.

"HAPPY New Year, Sue!" Jack called, waking me from a sound sleep, the only bit I had had all night.

"What's the idea of going out in the country at night?" asked Mr. Jarr. "We can't see the grass and flowers or hear the birds sing at night."

"We are going to the big cup contest at the Jagged Cliff Inn. Clara Mudridge-Smith has been picked for the final. We are to go as her guests."

"Count me out!" declared Mr. Jarr stoutly. "Her husband will be along. Why of course. Who's to pay the bills if he doesn't come? You know how popular Clara is with the young men, and they just flock around her by scores—when her husband is along to pay for everything. So of course he'll be with us."

"Then I won't go!" said Mr. Jarr. "It's bad enough to have to work for him and to see him bossing the job and scowling at me all day long, as though every hour I put in was just so much more obtaining money under false pretenses from him. But when I go out on pleasure bent I'm going with people as poor as myself. Then I'll expect to get what only they can afford to buy, and they will only expect to get what I can afford to buy."

"I think it's MUCH more pleasant to go out with people who can afford to pay for things I cannot," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Then they don't expect me to keep from doing that one has to be very sweet to those one is with, but I don't have to be sweet with rich people I know."

"I don't quite understand your argument in social economy," ventured Mr. Jarr. "But this one thing is sure: I'm not going out with Mr. and Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. He doesn't do anything but snore and she doesn't do anything but pick at him and bicker with him. It spoils the evening for me."

"But don't you know that Clara and her husband are reconciled now?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I thought I told you that they had a PERFECT understanding. Clara admitted she was somewhat in the wrong, although it was all his fault that she was, and he begged her pardon and said he'd never do it again. And now she receives and is taking dancing and Higher Thought treatment for stoutness, and everything is lovely!"

"Well, that sounds a little better," remarked Mr. Jarr. "But how do you relax and dance and fight fat, with the Higher Thought?"

"It's ridiculously simple," Mrs. Jarr explained. "When you are in Higher Thought you keep your gaze on the zenith—the higher astral planes. This Redoubtable chin raised and the neck outstretched and that does away with double chin or sagging of the skin at the neck. It's wonderful, and it PROVES that MIND IS ALL."

"I should say it does," said Mr. Jarr. "Well, I suppose we are to all go cawing to the Jagged Cliff Inn to-night, then?"

"Yes. There is an instructor there that has a new stop. The Rockaway Romp," that everybody is just wild about. And Clara has set her heart on winning the cup at the contest. She's been there dancing in the preliminaries, and she was 'picked' four times; now it's the fifth and last contest and she is just dying to win the cup. If she wins it it will make four she's won since the night she and Mr. Dickinson won the cup for all comers at the Jardin de Vitis roof."

"But automobile inns or roadhouse cups cost a great deal more than a tango dancing place cup cost. Still, as Clara said to me, 'Look at those four cups. Who can say that I am idle and wasteful? How glad I am to have such an incentive in my life, because dancing makes one graceful and it's very, very healthy!'"

"And rolling cigarettes is a splendid exercise, and keeps one out in the open air, too," cried Mr. Jarr enthusiastically. "Come, I can hardly wait to go tangoing for a genuine solid plated cup!"

numbered what I had told him the dress cost.

"No. That's all, except the bills for what I have bought on the tango plan. And what we have to pay on those doesn't amount to much." I returned blithely, sure that Jack would not object to the small sums we would have to pay to secure the lovely things I had already installed on the lower floor of the house.

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN THINKS.

BY HELEN EDWARDS.

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As to a Fool and Her Money.

"A FOOL and her money are soon parted," remarked the Widow epigrammatically, as she laid down her evening paper and propped her violet satin toes gracefully on the lowest rung of the piano railing.

"You were thinking?"—questioned the Bachelor.

"Was thinking," responded the Widow with a one-cornered smile, as she glanced at the red and yellow sheet in the Bachelor's hands. "How foolish you men are to read the COMIC sheet for 'human nature' stories when you would find the SOCIETY sheet so full of them—and so much more comic. For instance—and she lifted her own newspaper—'here is a story of a widow who had her fiancé arrested on the eve of her wedding for the trifling reason that she missed part of her bank account; and here's another account of a popular actress who accuses her husband of appropriating her motor car; and another of a successful authoress who wants to divorce her husband because he tried to borrow money—all on the same page!'"

"Teas, weddings, divorces and scandals ARE human, I suppose," remarked the Bachelor scoffingly.

Real Life Comic Supplements.

"YES," laughed the Widow, "and a lot funnier than the average comic drawing. But that old injunction, 'Pity the poor widows and orphans,' ought to be changed to 'Pity the RICH widows and orphans.' Pity all the fool women who fancy that dollars will buy love and find that they won't buy anything more comforting than a divorce! 'Beauty used to be a woman's curse,' but nowadays it's money. Love doesn't fly out of the window when poverty comes in at the door, but when MONEY comes in at the door—especially if it's a woman's money. It is quite possible for a poor girl to love a rich man, but somehow a poor man simply can't love a rich woman. No matter how beautiful or charming she may be her money steps in between them and makes him so that he can't SEE her. The best she can get in this world is the imitation love of a fortune hunter, and widows seem to be the especial shining mark of the gentleman vampire."

"The—er what?" exclaimed the Bachelor, dropping his newspaper.

"Oh, all the 'vampires' aren't feminine by any means," declared the Widow. "The day of the woman who would 'vamp' with even moderate success has passed. Men are becoming as shy and wary as stricken deer. Of course, there ARE still thousands and millions of dear, good, kind, devoted, self-sacrificing husbands, who slave downtown all day for trivial, foolish, selfish, little vanishing wives; but there are also numbers of gentlemen vamps, who go about eating rich women's dinners and making love to wealthy girls and marrying the 'fool and her money.' And for such a rich widow is as honey to the simple fly."

How the Modern Vampire "Vamps."

"TAT," declared the Bachelor promptly, "is because the modern widow isn't as wise as her grandmother was. Once upon a time a woman was satisfied to have one good husband or one good black silk gown during a lifetime. But now they all want two or three apiece."

"And there aren't that many good husbands in the world for ANY woman," interpolated the Widow with a laugh.

"No sooner has a woman paid for a handsome tombstone," went on the Bachelor, ignoring the interruption, "no sooner has she changed her craps to volles, than she begins looking about for diversion, adventure and experience."

"And SHE gets the diversion, adventure and experience, while some man gets her first husband's money," mocked the Widow.

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor, "and she's foolish enough to buy number two with the money she saved by making number one wear his overcoat two seasons and feeding him on half portions."

"Well—perhaps it's worth it!" sighed the Widow dreamily.

"WHAT!" The Bachelor sat up and gazed at her in horror.

"To be made love to artistically," explained the Widow. "And that sort of man is usually SUCH an artist at love-making! Imitation love, like imitation jewels, is sometimes more brilliant and glowing than the real thing."

A Fluffy Separating Machine.

"PERHAPS," agreed the Bachelor thoughtfully, "and I fancy that when it comes to the longing for something new and color and 'love' in this life only, men and women are equally foolish and equally eager to pay the price. I've seen men who couldn't be done in the cleverest deal in Wall Street, yet who would cheerfully hand out their hard-earned dollars to some fluffy little vampire, who laughed as she took them."

"Amn!" sighed the Widow. "And in view of that we'll change that epigram."

"Which epigram?" inquired the Bachelor.

"Well, say," quoth the Widow airily, "that 'A fool and ITS money are soon parted!'"

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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"LOOKS like some war they're cooking up in Europe," remarked the head polisher.

"A regular goulash of hostilities," agreed the laundry man. "Thus far we haven't had a peep out of Andrew Carnegie, whose recent efforts to establish world wide peace have put a dent in nothing but his own bankroll. Where is all this peace we have been hearing about for the past ten years?"

"Europe is furnishing an illustration of the fact that times change, but little old human nature remains about the same. In Germany, Austria and France there are immense organizations formed of workmen the object of which is, or was, to prevent war by refusing to fight. In times of peace these organizations were cleaning up everything in sight. Since war was declared between Austria and Serbia they have been submerged and their members are joining the army."

"From our point of view it is monstrous that Emperors, Kings and Czars can put nations at each other's throats. Our self-restraint in the recent Mexican crisis shows that we are the most advanced and peace-loving of the globe. But we must remember that those Continental peoples are creatures of environment and training, and that their long habit of obedience to Kings and Emperors doesn't wear off even after they come to this land of liberty."

"Look! She thousands and thousands of Slavs who are getting ready to skip from their good jobs in the United States to fight for Russia, Austrians and Hungarians who are hurrying home to fight for the dual monarchy. One would think that when they are safely here, living under conditions immeasurably superior to anything possible in their own countries, they would be content to stick around and be an audience."

"Patriotism is what inspires them. We of a republic may not think it patriotism to fight in support of the personal spites and feelings of a king, but it is the patriotic instinct in those people know. If France goes into the war it will be from patriotic motives, although the basis will be wounded pride and a disposition to

As to Glass Houses.

"SPEAKING of France," said the head polisher, "I can't see why the jury turned Mme. Caillaux loose."

"On the proposition of deference to women murderers, we live in a glass house," said the laundry man. "It is quite possible that a New York jury would have turned a French jury right down to brass tacks. They asked if Calmette got what was coming to him. The answer was in the affirmative. And Mme. Caillaux was vindicated."

His Next Big Task.

"SEE," said the head polisher, "that Col. Roosevelt's river of doubt has been put on the map."

"Now let's see if the Colonel can put Harvey Hinman on the map," replied the laundry man.

Winning Friends.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

If you're yearning for friends, Kind, unselfish and true— Know the whole world is longing For those traits in you. If you'll give of your love And of service no end, You will never need a friend. So forget what you want Other people to do. Or let them receive that Same service of your love. Just clear from your heart All this rubbish of self And you'll have friends who could not be purchased with gold.